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DISEASE:

OR, THE

Vanity and Misery of Human LIFE.

A

POEM

Humbly Inscrib'd

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
ARTHUR ONSLOW, *Esq;*

By THOMAS ROGERS, *Esq;*



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*; and Sold at the Pamphlet-Shops in *Westminster-Hall*, at *Temple-Bar*, and the *Royal-Exchange*.

[*Price One Shilling.*]

Where may be had, written by the same Author,

An Epistolary P O E M to a Lady, on the Expedition
of Lord Catcart.

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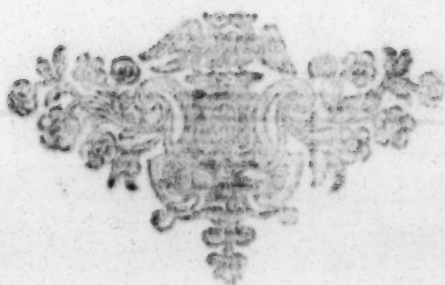
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DISEASE.

On the AUTHOR'S Recovery from a Violent Fit of the STONE: To a LADY, at the same Time afflicted with the same Distemper.

ELEGY I.



I human Ills, which thou too well hast known,

Or others Pains can mitigate thy own;

These mournful Lines, FIDELIA, will excuse,

Perhaps condole the Sympathetick Muse.

No Shepherd's Plaints, I sing, no love-sick Dream;

In doleful Ditty o'er a purling Stream;

Or DAMON sighing from some lonely Grove,

In dying Dirges his disastrous Love.

I envy none, repine not at my Fate,

Blest to my Wishes in the Marriage State.

No jilting Fair my Peace of Mind annoys,

Twelve happy Moons attest my Nuptial Joys.

Tho' free my Mind, yet still must I complain,
 Scarce yet recover'd from the Bed of Pain.
 There starts my Theme — the Torture of the Stone!
 What Heart can tell it better than thy own?
 Fated to languish, so just Heav'n decrees,
 At the same time with the same dire Disease.
 What felt, when Pain deny'd thy Soul to rest,
 What felt the faithful Partner of thy Breast?
 (Friendship was giv'n, as Moralists decide,
 Our Joys to double, and our Griefs divide:
 But Friends like ours increase each other's Woes,
 And but afflict the Heart they wou'd compose.)
 FIDELIA! you who Love's blest State have try'd,
 And twice enjoy'd the Pleasures of a Bride;
 Say, when a Consort, generous as thy own,
 Pays Sigh for Sigh, and echo's ev'ry Groan;
 Do not God's Arrows the severer smart?
 Does not his Hand lie heavier on thy Heart?
 Thy Soul's great Pangs in such Distress define,
 Then shalt thou paint the Agonies of mine.

O Thou, to whom all mortal Pow'r is giv'n,
 Ordain'd to execute the Wrath of Heav'n!
 Thou Fiend, DISEASE! dire Object of our Hate,
 Offspring of Sin, and Messenger of Fate,
 'Gainst whose Artillery no Force can stand,
 Say, shall we curse, or bless thy chast'ning Hand?
 Deprav'd by Nature, and immerst in Vice,
 We look upon Thee with indignant Eyes:
 Unknowing whether thy Corrections flow
 From a kind Monisher, or deadly Foe:
 Or if Thou com'st from (with ambiguous Face)
 The Seat of Judgment, or the Throne of Grace.

Through a rude World the Soul bewilder'd steers,
 And doubtful treads the Maze of Hopes and Fears.

Anxious we travel o'er this Wild of Life,
 A rugged Road! nor conquer'd but with Strife.
 Our brightest Days are often overcast,
 Subject to Noon-tide Heat, and Midnight Blast.
 Sickness o'ertakes us, staggering and dismay'd,
 Between the Gates of Life and Death we're lay'd;
 In Pain the ^{ex} ~~isthmus~~ of our Fate ~~explores~~,
 Impetuous Billows dashing on the Shore,
 Panting for Breath, this World's last Stage decline,
 Dread Space betwixt Eternity and Time!
 Where next we go, what Traveller can tell!
 This narrow Streight once past, to Heaven or Hell.

As on EUROPE'S utmost Southern Strand,
 Where hid in Clouds (the once fam'd) Calpe stands,
 Wrested long since from proud IBERIA'S Hands;
 And now BRITANNIA'S dreadful Cannon roars,
 Telling her Conquests to BARBARIAN Shoars:
 There through the turgid Streights, the Ocean pays
 Th' unceasing Tribute of his boundless Waves.
 The Nile, the Niester, Danube, and the Po,
 The Rhone, and Tiber, meet them as they flow:
 O'er half the Earth a thousand Rivers spread,
 And disembogue in the same Oozy Bed.
 Ne'er shall each Stream its native Hills regain,
 The recreant Billows join th' Atlantic Main:
 The Midland Sea receives the aqueous Heap,
 Absorpt and bury'd in th' unfathom'd Deep.
 So in this Passage to the Realm of Death,
 When the Soul's issuing with the parting Breath;
 If once we pass Time's rapid Stream, 'tis o'er,
 To Life's great Ocean we return no more.

What State is next we know not--'tis our last,
 And Good or Bad, depends upon the past,
 If Conscious Fears from Self Reproaches flow,
 Aghast we see the threat'ning Gulph below.

Where Virtue leads, no dying Pangs we rue,
 A happier Prospect opens to our View;
 Compos'd we gaze, our heavenly Guide pursue.
 From yon bright World Hope points our future Bliss,
 While with Disdain we turn our Backs on This.

O! think vain Man, when thy last Scene is o'er,
 And thou shalt at this Farce of Life no more;
 Stript of Mortality, Thou stand'st expos'd,
 Where ev'ry Secret of thy Heart's disclos'd.
 Where Folly in her genuine Shape's confess'd,
 And Vice no more in Virtue's Mask is dress'd;
 Pride and Ambition shall no longer claim
 The publick Good, or Glory's sacred Name;
 Where the vile Lecher too no more shall dare
 His brutal Lust, for virtuous Love, declare,
 Nor sell Revenge the Robe of Honour wear.
 Naked, self-judg'd, when Thou shalt kneel for Grace,
 With threescore Years of Guilt upon thy Face,
 O'erwhelm'd with Shame, oh, how shalt Thou appear,
 Or, to Redeemer, or a Judge severe!

Then learn, my Soul, to settle ere too late,
 This long Account of thy corrupted State:
 Had Death surpris'd Thee, like a Thief by stealth,
 And found Thee tripping in the Pride of Health;
 Plung'd in thy guilty Breast the vengeful Dart,
 With all thy Sins close clinging to thy Heart;
 Not suffer'd Thee one Moment's space to live,
 To speak, scarce sigh one mental—*God forgive!*
 To Judgment bore Thee—dreadful Sentence!—*Go,*
 “Perfidious Sinner, to thy Doom below.”
 Dire shocking Thought! oh, how shouldst Thou appear!
 Then think betimes, and a kind Saviour hear,
 “Come unto me all You that are oppress’d,
 “Ye faithful come! and I will give You Rest.”

Bow down, my Soul, that gracious God appease,
Nor slight his Friendly Messenger, *Disease*,
Angels shall witness that Heav'n's Judge forgives;
'Tis done --- I know that my Redeemer lives.

ENIGMA II

HO W short, how vain's the Pomp of human Power!
A State of Frailty, changing every Hour:
Life of Inquietude, no Art can please,
Struggling with Pain, or surfeiting with Ease.
A chequer'd Board of Black and White, to show
The Good and Ill we're to expect below.
Its greatest Pleasures, but the gay Extremes,
Of fond Delusions, and enchanting Dreams.
A Gossip's Tale, with this World's Cares perplex,
Or a Day's Sun to light us to the next.
So dark and intricate's this earthly Maze,
Ev'n Wisdom's self too oft bewild'rd strays.

What's an old Title, or illustrious Birth,
But the vain Shadow of deceased Worth?
The stalking Phantom of another's Fame,
Or Herald's Riddle to distract the Brain.
A Wreath of Honour by a Father won,
Or *Ignis-fatuus* to mislead the Son.
Who weigh their Merit by their noble Race,
Ignobly celebrate their own Disgrace.
Nurs'd up in Pride no generous Pity show
(Regardless of their Pangs) to Those below.
Thrice Noble's He, who, of the Pow'r possest,
Makes others happy as himself is blest.
Who looks on Misery with Mercy's Eyes,
And reads Distress through Modesty's Disguise.

Ne'er scornful turns the Suppliant from his Gate,
 His Favour begging, with - You're come too late!
 Not judging Merit by the fattery Eye
 Of forward Coxcomb --- marks the secret Sigh;
 And, like the good SAMARITAN, relieves
 The Wretch from Pain, from Poverty, and Thieves;
 And proud the Frowns of Fortune to relate, *rebate,*
 Protects the Friendless from the Storms of Fate.
 Who boasts no Peer to patronize his Name,
 No Plea but Justice, to support his Claim.
 But where's this Lord Deliv'rer of our Cares?
 In vain I've sought him above twenty Years:

Blest is the Man whose Breeding's so compleat,
 No Sense of Shame can his Ambition cheat:
 Birth, Learning, Sense, Morality, and Grace,
 Are needless Talents with a Brazen Face.
 A flatt'ring Tongue, false Heart, and crafty Head
 Expert at Lies, deck out the Fool well-bred.
 Who, polish'd DRANCES! can such Merit crush?
 Whose Cheeks too ne'er reproach'd Thee with a Blush.
 O happy Wight! how can't Thou but excell,
 Whom Art and Nature recommend so well?
 Fortune still smiles upon the Bold and Free,
 Hugg'd by the Great -- what Hopes are left for me?
 O O N S L O W! happy, might I think of Thee.

How rare does Courtesy subsist with State?
 How few Examples of both Good and Great?
 From noble Acts illustrious Names began,
 Virtue, not Titles, dignifies the Man.

O Thou, distinguish'd by a Nation's Voice;
 Approv'd and honour'd with the Royal Choice!
 Let Fools, unconscious of superior Worth,
 Think every Virtue grac'd them from their Birth:

Were thine forgot, yet ONSLOW, Time may see,
When Honour's nam'd, Peers boast they sprung from Thee.
Let those who Lustre from their Lineage claim,
Like Thee reflect it back upon the Name.

What's Youth and Beauty, but an opening Bloom,
Gaz'd at a Morning, and forgot by Noon?
A flow'ry Field, with vernal Odours spread,
Pregnant with Weeds, when all its Charms are fled.
An early Mist all scatter'd by the Sun,
Or Cloud that's driven by the Wind ---it's gone.
Like a Bird's Flight thro' the ætherial space,
What mortal Eye th' unbeaten Road can trace?
Or a Ship's Passage in the Sea, 'tis o'er,
The closing Waves shall know its Track no more.

What's Pow'r and Greatness, but a Lease of Pain,
Ambition's Curse, a Fever in the Brain?
A dang'rous Sea, with Rocks and Quick sands near,
And Storms and Tempests ratling in the Ear.
A Pillory of State, t' expose our Shame,
Or Tax of Infamy, that's paid to Fame.
Detraction, Envy, Calumny, Disgrace,
Are but the daily Perquisites of Place.
A Snare to Happiness, all Wise Men shun,
A Race, where none but Kings and Madmen run.
The * Sword of Fate, suspending by a Thread,
Or threatening Comet, blazing over Head.
A publick Blessing in a Good Man's Hand,
In Bad, a Patent to enslave the Land.

What's Wealth and Honour, we such Blessings call,
But God's † Hand-writing on the Plaister'd Wall?
The Judgment threaten'd in the sacred § Writ,
To Worldlings proud, with earthly Grandeur smit.

C

Can

* Alluding to the Story of DAMOCLES.

† DANIEL. Ch. v. ver. 5.

§ LUKE Ch. xii. ver. 20.

Can they give Grace, or Wisdom, to the Fool?
 Can they the Pains of aking Limbs controul?
 A splendid Equipage to hide Distress,
 Yet all Mankind are frantick to possess.
 A gaudy Sign like Rainbow in the Sky,
 To teach us Show'rs and threat'ning Storms are nigh;
 Gay fleeting Cloud! reflecting borrow'd Light,
 That glares a while, then vanishes from Sight.
 With partial Eyes on Life's bright Side we gaze,
 While our Hearts kindle at the gorgeous Blaze.
 Delusion all! enchanting Dream, be gone;
 Great was * DIOGENES as PHILIP'S Son.
 Does outward Pomp true Happiness attest?
 It issues only from the conscious Breast.
 Whether in Rags, or ermin'd Pride we're clad,
 With bare-fac'd Guilt, or blind Enthusiasm mad;
 Heaven rains alike, Just or Unjust, on all;
 And the Sun shines upon the Great and Small.

What is it then that we're so proud of here?
 Lording it o'er this Mole-hill of a Sphere.
 This Speck of Earth, unseen, perhaps unknown,
 To thousand Worlds much greater than our own.
 Our Joys and Sorrows so promiscuous flow,
 'Tis hard the Bounds of Happiness to know;
 Or Life's intrinsic Value---and what's worse,
 We oft mistake a Blessing for a Curse.
 Peace and Anxiety alternate reign,
 And ev'n our Pleasures owe their Zest to Pain.

ELEGY

* Being asked by ALEXANDER the Great, what he should give him,
 DIOGENES bid him stand out of his Sun-shine, and not take from him
 what he could not give him.

E L E G Y III.

NOW Health, all gay, on *Zephyr's* Wings draws nigh,
 Blooms in our Face, and sparkles in the Eye,
 Distills *Nepenthe's* Balsam on the Heart,
 And paints the Cheek beyond the Pow'r of Art.
 With pleasing Hopes each fleeting Minute chears,
 And fondly flatters our declining Years.
 Blest with her Smiles, the Peasant's Toil grows light,
 And Poverty looks cheerful in her Sight.

An Eastern Blast soon shifts the lively Scene,
 And clouds the Sky so late appear'd serene.
 Its baneful Breath the opening Spring restrains,
 And spreads Destruction o'er the ravag'd Plains.
 Robb'd of his vital Heat, the Sun gives way,
 Withdraws his Beams, and abdicates the Day.
 On the dire Banks of foul *Avernus* bred,
 Next comes *Disease*, with Streams of Poison fed.
 Mounted on noxious Vapours, in her Car,
 Dreadful she comes --- the fatal Fiend beware!
 Riding triumphant thro' the tainted Air.

Now on the Bed of Sorrow are we thrown,
 Perhaps a Victim to the Gout or Stone.
 Tremendous Ills! I shudder at the Name,
 The bare Idea shakes my vital Frame.
 Behold the Fury arm'd with all her Pains,
 Glares in our Eyes, and revels in the Veins.
 With Anguish sore our restless Limbs invades,
 In vain we call each Opiate to our Aid.
 Stretch'd out at length, the Joys of Life we scorn,
 Out-watch the Stars, call up the ling'ring Morn,
 Sigh out each Day, and curse when we were born.

Sleep's

Sleep's gentle Power his balmy Help denies,
 Eludes our Hopes, and our Embraces flies.
 If e'er in Pity he our Eye-lids close,
 In broken Slumbers we repeat our Woes.

“ O cruel Sleep ! (th' afflicted Patient cries)
 Say, did I e'er thy rev'rend Name despise ?
 Or slight, ungrateful, thy All-sov'reign Pow'r,
 That thou wilt close these wretched Eyes no more.
 When heretofore thou'st us'd thy gentle Sway,
 Impartial search'd the Actions of the Day ;
 Hast deign'd to kindly chide me, or commend,
 For Good or Evil past, like strictest Friend ;
 Say, did I e'er thy just Rebukes despise,
 Or impious trample on thy good Advice ;
 A Neighbour e'er in lower Life oppress,
 Or proudly scoff at Merit in Distress ?
 No, (may it ever in my Bosom dwell)
 Thou all the softness of my Heart canst tell.
 Sometimes indeed I've slighted thy Embrace,
 Preferr'd the social Friend, and chearful Glass ;
 But when rebuk'd by the returning Light,
 Repay'd the Hours I robb'd thee of at Night.
 In early Youth o'erlook'd each Classick's Charms,
 With Heart reluctant parting from thy Arms.
 Come, gentle Sleep ! let me implore thy Aid,
 Come from thy Cottages and Sylvan Shade :
 Make haste, no gilded Palaces are here,
 No stately Beds, or painted Roofs ---nor fear
 The Noise of Dance or Song, Ambition's Art,
 To lull the Passions of an aching Heart.
 O, come propitious, with thy Poppy Crown,
 Bring thy Narcoticks, weigh these Eye-lids down.
 Haste, gentle Power ! for here thou may'st be free ;
 Ne'er scorn the Wretch, the Healthy will scorn Thee.

Still do'st thou fly me? O obdurate! go,
 Henceforth thy Favours to th' ungrateful show.
 And canst thou, partial! the dread Conscience veil
 Of harden'd Felon, in the noisom Jail?
 Compose the Sea-beat Sailor in his Bed
 Of foaming Billows, breaking o'er his Head;
 Succour the Slave, half perish'd, at his Oar,
 And on a Dunghill with the Beggar snore:
 In sweet Oblivion drown these Wretches Pain,
 While I more curst, invoke thy Aid in vain.

Go then, O cruel Sleep! thy downy Wings
 Spread round the guarded Canopies of Kings:
 Go to seditious Courts, embrace thy Foes,
 Give to rapacious Ministers Repose;
 With Lust of Pow'r their impious Hearts inflame,
 While injur'd Nations execrate their Name.
 Or lull the Sons of Faction in thy Arms,
 Who wake a Nation with their loud Alarms:
 Who by false Terrors and licentious Cries,
 In Freedom's Name, tyrannick Hearts disguise,
 And all Dominion, but their own, despise.
 With gentler Slumbers calm the Patriot's Breast,
 Whose honest Soul all lawless Rule detests.
 In conscious Dreams proclaim his just Applause,
 And aid him in his King's and Country's Cause."

Thus on Affliction's racking Bed, forlorn,
 Blind to the sweet Returns of Night and Morn,
 Hopeless we lie: ---ye lucid Orbs! restrain
 Your prying Rays, nor witness to our Pain.
 Fly from Distress, to gayer Scenes remove,
 The fleeting Hours of Health and Youth improve.
 Go Sun! the weary Traveller befriend,
 The chearful Peasant at his Work attend;

D

Or

Or flatter Pride, ---go gild the splendid Dome,
 And grace the Levee of some pamper'd Drone.
 Or bid th' ætherial Lark his Mattins sing,
 Charm'd with the beauteous Bosom of the Spring:
 The Pinks and Violets fragrant Sweets disclose,
 And paint the Blushes of the op'ning Rose.
 Or go where Glory calls, thy Beams spread forth;
 Unbind the frozen Regions of the North.
 From Scythian Plains, o'er Nieper, Niester, guide
 The Russian * Hero to the Danube's Side;
 Victorious M U N I C H ! striding o'er the Dead,
 To strip the Turban from the Vizir's Head.

Thou milder Light ! to softer Scenes repair,
 Let Love and Beauty be thy Ev'ning Care:
 Guide, with thy Silver Lamp, the longing Maid,
 To meet her Lover in the Sylvan Shade.
 Fly from the gloomy Mansions of Disease,
 And leave the Wretched to just Heav'n's Decrees,

Ye splendid Rulers of the Night and Day !
 No more on me your useless Beams display;
 Henceforth let Life, unmeasur'd, pass away.
 Time ! do thy worst ; e'en cut the vital Thread,
 Thy threat'ning Scythe, nor ebbing Glas I dread,
 Here Darkness reign ! O Health ! depriv'd of Thee,
 What's Life, what's Time, or Sun and Moon to me ?

E L E G Y IV.

TH E Doctor comes, and tries his healing Art,
 Examines all the Throbbings of the Heart:
 With learn'd Impertinence beguiles the Ill,
 The Fury baffles the Physician's Skill.

Too

* Writ in the Year 1738, during the War with the T U R K S.

Too rigid Fate! ev'n he can scarce refrain
 From Pity, tho' he lives upon our Pain.
 Our Friends in vain with weeping Eyes attend,
 The Heart their Sorrows would relieve, they rend;
 The Widow's Sighs, nor Orphan's Tears avail,
 Grief only presses on the heavier Scale:
 Their Tears and Sighs but with our Pains conspire,
 Like throwing Oil upon a raging Fire.

Disease, thou Fiend! oh, cease thy cruel Pain!
 What Heart, that's mortal, longer can contain!
 Patience itself would teach me to complain.
 " Who can, Almighty God! that Pow'r withstand?
 " Oh! cast not off the Labour of thine Hand.
 " Wherefore, to Wretch like me, dost Thou impart
 " Light to the Eyes, and Anguish to the Heart?
 " Thinkst Thou it good a Reptile to create,
 " And set against Thee as a Mark of Hate;
 " Thy deadly Arrows on my Body light,
 " The Terrors of the Lord against me fight.
 " Thy Hand lies heavy on me ---oh, the Dread!
 " All mine Iniquities are o'er my Head.
 " Rebuke me not, who can thy Wrath controul?
 " Life is become a Burthen to my Soul.
 " Wherefore were we so wonderfully made,
 " To live in Pain, and vanish like a Shade?
 " Shoot forth, and blossom like a goodly Flow'r,
 " And then drop off ---the Prey of ev'ry Hour!
 " In Death, O God! we no Remembrance have,
 " Who then can praise Thee in the silent Grave?
 " Thou, O Corruption! art my Father; Pride!
 " Bow down thy Head, thou'rt to the Worm ally'd.

In Terms like these, did Men of Fame and Worth,
 Even JOB and DAVID, Princes of the Earth,
 Like me of Nature's cruel Foe complain,
 Thou Fiend *Disease*! and curse thee in their Pain.

Dominion, Wisdom, Wealth, to Fate must bow,
 The Laurel wither on the Hero's Brow:
 Disease and Death shall throw all Mortals down,
 From *Rome's* proud Pontiff wrest the Triple Crown,
 And shake a Sultan from his glitt'ring Throne.
 Fortune's vain Minions of each high Degree,
 And Kings and Conquerors shall sigh like me.
 Like me shall crouch beneath Affliction's Rod,
 And Tyrants tremble at the Wrath of God.
 With suppliant Arms the Throne of Grace shall sue,
 And pray for Mercy, which they never knew.
 Then shall they feel, when the dread Cup is full,
 Their Inquisitions, and their Brazen * Bull.
 Their Dungeons, Racks, ten thousand † Infants slain,
 The § fiery Furnace, and the || Lion's Den.
 Compassion then may touch the Savage Breast,
 To pity Slaves by lawless Pow'r oppress.
 The PHAROAHs, HERODs, NERO's, of the Earth,
 And those dire Monsters of infernal Birth,
 Monastick Dæmons, stain'd with human Gore,
 Curst spawn of *Babylon's* imperious Whore;
 Shall dare to consecrate their Crimes no more:
 Shall then in vain their bloody Acts disown,
 And lay too late the reeking Dagger down,
 Wishing each happier Slave's untimely End their own.

How vain and impotent a Wretch is Man!
 Whose utmost Strength, whose Years are but a Span,
 The greatest Tyrant in his Height of Lust,
 Bloated with Pow'r, and with Ambition curst,
 What is he, in the Summit of his Pride,
 But a poor Tool, a Scourge on Sinners try'd
 By Heav'n's chastising Hand, then thrown aside?

Observe

* Of PHALARIS a *Sicilian* King, infamous for his Cruelty,

† PHAROAH's, and HEROD's Massacre.

§ DANIEL Ch. iii. ver. 21.

|| DANIEL Ch. vi. ver. 16.

Observe and trace him from the pregnant Womb,
 An unform'd Embryo !---to the flatt'ring Tomb.
 What is he, view him to Life's fullest Age,
 But a vile Farce upon a Player's Stage?
 Begot in Luxury, 'midst Dreams of Pow'r,
 He starts to Being in malignant Hour.
 Nurs'd on the Fumes of Riot and Excess,
 Distill'd, perhaps, from a lewd Wanton's Breast,
 And rock'd with Breath of Flatt'ry to his Rest.
 Thus lull'd each Day to Sleep, his royal Ear
 Nought else ('tis Courtly Blasphemy) must hear.
 Anon he wakes amidst a Groupe of Knaves,
 False, fawning, mercenary, grov'ling Slaves.
 Bred up, and tutor'd by this hopeful Train,
 He hears the Prologue of his future Reign;
 Pimps, Pandars, Hypocrites, inur'd to lye,
 And taught, ere scarce he's Man, like Slaves to cry
 The Prince, the King, the Conqueror !---stand by.
 Now struts about, yet doubtful if he dreams,
 'Till told, on bended Knees, he's what he seems,
 A very God ! now lifted on his Throne,
 Believes Mankind was made for him alone,
 And all the Earth, and Elements his own.
 Stretches o'er neighb'ring States his bloody Hands,
 And Earth and Water, like a God, demands.
 At length o'ertaken, comes the fatal Day,
 While prostrate Sycophants their Incense pay ;
 And the swoln Idol, with his Head on high,
 Asking, what Being's happier than I ?
 Sad Hour, it comes ! He's seiz'd, poor wretched Elf,
 Ev'n by a Mortal ---Greater than himself ;
 In Chains, and hard Captivity to dwell,
 A Tyrant's End, all future Kings to tell.
 Thus born, thus bred, thus the proud * *Lydian* fell.
 The *Persian* Conqu'ror, destin'd to succeed
 This mighty Monarch, sure's a God indeed.

E

All

All *Media*, *Lydia*, *Babylon*, o'erthrown,
 And half th' extended Hemisphere his own.
 Yes, and o'erlooks, so arrogant his Soul,
 This narrow Spot of Earth, from Pole to Pole ;
 The ambient Ocean, and ætherial Plain,
 Thinks Bounds too scanty for his frantick Brain ;
 Yet soon like *CROESUS* falls, and by a Woman slain.

O *Liberty*, thou Guardian of Mankind !
 High on thy Fane 'midst *Albion* Oaks enshrined ;
 Thou sacred Fence against a Tyrant's Frown,
 From thy blest Bow'r on thy lov'd Isle look down,
 Preserve thy *Albion*—to these Plagues unknown.

In future Times, shou'd Lust of Pow'r take Place,
 Or from the *Gallick* or *Iberian* Race,
 By nuptial Leagues, may some gigantick King,
 Some mighty *Nimrod* in a *Bourbon* Spring
 O'erspread the Earth like a rapacious Flood,
 And wade to Empire through a Sea of Blood :
 Add Realm to Realm, all mortal Pow'r despise,
 And pile up Mountains, 'till he braves the Skies.
 (When *CÆSAR* calls his guardian Friend too late,
 And *Britain* trembles for *Germania's* Fate)
 Death comes at last, and bids th' Usurper stand,
 And wrests *Europa* from the Spoiler's Hand.

~~the~~ So ~~to th'~~ outrageous *Græcian* heretofore,
PHILIP'S mad Son, reeking with human Gore,
 To Heav'n look'd up (this petty Orb o'er-run)
 Scorning an Empire compass'd by the Sun.
 " Keep off thy Beams, nor dare to measure me,
 " What !—shall my Pow'r be circumscrib'd by Thee ?
 " Give me ye Gods, ye niggard Gods ! he cry'd,
 " Give me more Worlds"—look'd down on This, and dy'd.
 Where now he rests, let *CÆSAR*, *CYRUS* tell,
 With *NASSAU* blest, or *NERO* curst in Hell.

What's left at last this Idol, but a Name,
For Millions slaughter'd, to be damn'd to Fame?

Are these the Virtues lift us to a God?
Was this the Path NASSAU and MARLBRO' trod?
Suspend one Moment, O *Disease!* thy Rage,
With those bright Names to light the gloomy Page.
Let rescu'd Nations echo them around,
Pain stands enchanted at the glorious Sound.
Born for the publick Good, the World's Repose,
No Lust of Pow'r e'er made Mankind their Foes.
No Thirst of Glory, and ignoble Praise
From slavish Tongues their Godlike Ardour rais'd.
Heav'n's true Vicegerent! the proud Pomp of Kings,
Courts, Crowns, and Scepters, were unheeded Things.
To quell the Tyrant, and relieve th' Opprest,
Was all th' Ambition glow'd in NASSAU's Breast.
For this he liv'd inur'd to Toils and Pain,
To teach the Rulers of the Earth to reign.
O *Britain!* blest with such a Prince as This,
But treach'rous Sons, what could disturb thy Blis?
Be't to thy self, should'st Thou unhappy be,
Shou'dst Thou e'er fall, reproach not Fate's Decree;
For GEORGE, and Liberty, he gave to Thee.

From NASSAU's Reign shall happy Nations trace
Their future Blessings in the *Brunswick* Race;
From whose bright Source, may *Britain's* Royal Line
To distant Ages, through AUGUSTA, shine:
No broken Lineage our fond Wishes blast,
Each Year confirms the Promise of the past.
Thy fruitful Seed, O FREDERICK! shall spread,
And foreign Realms revere the sacred Bed.
Kings yet unborn their boasted Race explore,
And count, blest Pair! their future Glories o'er,
When You, like CAROLINE, shall be no more.

Withhold,

Withold, my Heart! nor let the pleasing View
 Of distant Joys, our present Grievs renew:
 A Nation's Tears to CAROLINE are due.
 Here stop, fond Muse! and leave that sacred Name,
 Above thy Reach, to its immortal Fame.
 Already hast thou try'd in artless Lays,
 Presumptuous Task! to celebrate her Praise.

Now Death recalls th' enchanted Theme again,
 Disease triumphant rages in my Brain.
 Remorseless Death on Necks of Kings shall tread,
 And strip the Mitre from a Bigot's Head.
 Disclose the bloody Priest's malignant Heart,
 Self-judg'd and shudd'ring at the threat'ning Dart.
 To each fell Tyrant point impending Doom.
 A * Savage singing o'er the Flames of Rome.
 The parting Soul, when conscious Guilt ^{crowds} comes-in,
 Shall trembling own ---the Sting of Death is Sin.
 With dire Remorse, when Crowns no more have Charms,
 Shall call to LAZ'RUS in the Patriarch's Arms:
 " O Impotence of human Pride! must I,
 " Seated, unrivall'd like a God, on high,
 " By Nations flatter'd, and like Heav'n ador'd,
 " On bended Knees hail'd, Liege, dread Sov'reign Lord!
 " Be deckt in Majesty to come to This?
 " Confusion! ---envy a poor Beggar's Bliss!
 " Keep down, proud Heart! ---Be my last End like His.

• NERO.

F I N I S.



